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The Fearefull

Sommer:

OR

L O N D O N S Calamitie,

The Countreyes Disturbance,

& both their Miserie.

By Iohn Taylor.



OXFORD,

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John Forcell

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To the truly Generous, and
Noble Knight, Sir Iohn Millisent,
Serjeant Porter to the Kings
most Excellent Maiesie.

*R*ight worthy Knight, when first this Book I wrote
To You, I boldly Dedicated it :
And having now enlarg'd both Prose & Rime,
To you I offer it the second time.
To whome should I these sorowes recommend
But unto You, the Cities noble Friend?
I know you are much griued with their Griefs
And would adventure Life for their reliefe:
To You therefore these Lines I Dedicate,
wherein, their Sorowes partly I relate,
I humbly crave acceptance at your hand:
And rest

Your Seruant ever at command,

JOHN TAYLOR.




To the Printer.

MY Conceit is, that these are very
Lamentable Verses, and will
greiue Many the reading; they so ex-
presse death to life, and make mortalli-
tie immortall: I wish, that as many as
can make vse of such pitifull Lines, had
Copies, the rest may want them:

Here and there a Verse may occasion
a Teare; then the Author is a true
Water-Poet in deed; but else where,
there wants not a hankercheffe to dry
that Teare. So is the whole worke a
* γλυκύπικρον & deserues an approbation
at least from

* A sweete
Bitter, or
Bitter,
sweete.

Io: TAYLOR,
of *Oriel*l Colledge
in Oxford



THE P R Æ F A C E.

IN this lamentable time of generall Calamity, our hainous sinnes prouoking Gods iust Indignation, this heauy visitation and mortality; I being attendant vpon the Queenes Maiestie at *Hampton-Court*, and from thence within two miles of *Oxford* with her Barge (with much griefe and remorse) did see and heare the miserable & cold entertainment of many *Londoners*; which, for their preservation fled and retired themselues from the Citty into the Country. Whence I noted the peoples Charitie, and great amendment, for they had giuen ouer one of the seauen deadly sins, which was *Confeessione*, and in many places were so farre out of loue with a Citizens money, that they abhor'd and hated either to touch or receaue it; entertaining them with bitter worme-wood welcome, (which Hearbe was in more request amongst many of them, then any of the heauenly *Graces* or *Cardinall Vertues*.) yet the hearbe of *Grace* was in much estimation, although the name of it was a document that they had occasion to *Reue* the *Time*; I farther perceiued that they were so farre from beleeuing or crediting any man, that they would or durst not trust their owne noses, but were doubtfull, that that scence would conspire with the Plague to murder them, wherefore (like cunning Mariners, or

THE PREFACE.

mole-catchers,) they would craftily in their streets and high-ways *fetch the wits of any man*, although they were ouer shoes and bootes, and some times tumbled into a ditch for their labours. This was the time when a man with a night-cap at noone, would haue frighted a whole Parish out of their wits, when to call for *Aqua-vita* (though it had beene but to make a drench for a sicke horse) was enough to haue his house shut vp. When *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, made many of them tremble more then *God Refuse, Renounce, Confound, or Damm*. When a man traauailing in the habit of a Citizen, was a meere *Bulbegger*; when for a man to say that he came from *Hell*, would yeeld him better well-come without money, then one would giue to his owne father and mother that came from *London*. In this time of mans great misery and small mercy, I tooke my pen in hand and wrote this ensuing discourse: I haue (as neere as I could) suited it sadly according to the nature of the subiect. And truly, because that the bare and naked truth was so cleare and ample, that I need not to fluffe it out with frivolous fables or fantasticall fictions; with my soule, I thankfully acknowledge Gods great mercy extended towards mee (one of the most wretched and wicked) in that so many thousands of better life and conuersation haue salne on my right hand and on my left, and round about me; yet hath his gracious protection beene my guard; for the which in my gratitude to my God, and to auoid the sinne of idleness, I haue written, what those that can, may reade.



THE
FEAREFULL
SUMMER.

O R
Londons Calamitie.

THe *Patience* and long *suffering* of our God,
Keepes close his *Quiver*, and restraines his *Rod*,
And though our crying Crimes to Heav'n doe cry
For vengeance, on accurst Mortality
Yea though we merit mischiefs *Fold*,
Blest *Mercy* doth the hand of *hold*.
But when that *Eye* that sees *is* most cleare,
Expects our *fruits* of *Faith*, *fr* years to yeare,
Allows vs painefull *Pastors*, who bestow
Great care and toyle, to make vs fruitful grow,
And daylie doth in those weake *Pessels* send
The dew of *Heaven*, in hope we will amend;
Yet (at the last) he doth perceiue and see
That we vnfruitfull and most barren be,
Which makes his dreadfull Indignation frowne,
and (as *curst Fig-trees*) cut vs downe.
Thus *Mercy* (mock'd) plucks Iustice on our heads,
And grieuous *Plagues* our Kingdome overspreads;
Then let vs to our God make quicke returning,
With true contrition, fasting, and with mourning:

The fearefull Summe

*The Word is God, and God hath spokethe Word,
If we repent, he will put vp his sword.
Hee's grieu'd in punishing, Hee's slow to Ire,
And HE a sinners death doth not desire.
If our Compunction our Amendment show,
Our purple finnes Hee'll make as white as snow.
If we lament, our God is mercifull,
Our scarlet crimes hee'l make as white as wooll.
Faire London that did late abound in blisse,
And wast our Kingdomes great Metropolis,
'Tis thou that art deiefted, low in state,
Disconsolate, and almost desolate,
(The hand of Heau'n that onely did protect thee)
Thou hast prouok'd most iustly to correct thee,
And for thy pride of Heart and deedes vniust,
He layes thy Pompe and Glory in the dust.
Thou that wast the Queene of Cities nam'd,
Throughout the world admir'd, renown'd, and fam'd,
Thou that hadst all at thy command and will,
To whom all England was a Handmaide still;
For rayment, Jewell, h, fowle, beasts, for food,
For fruits, for all our Kingdome coured good,
Both nere and farer remote, all did agree
To bring their best of blessings vnto thee.
Thus in conceite, thou seem'dst to rule the Fates,
Whilst peace and plenty flourish'd in thy Gates,
Could I relieue thy miseries as well,
As part I can thy woes and sorrowes tell,
Then should my Cares be eas'd with thy Reliefe,
And all my study, how to end thy griefe.
Thou that wert late rich, both in friends and wealth,
Magnificent in state, strong in thy health,*

London's calamitie.

As chiefeſt Miſtris of our Country priz'd,
Now chiefly in the Country art deſpis'd.
The name of *London* now both farre and neare,
Strikes all the Townes and Villages with feare,
And to be thought a *Londoner* is worſe,
Then one that breakes a houſe, or takes a Purſe.
He that will filch and ſteale, now is the Time,
No Juſtice dares examine him, his crime;
Let him but ſay that he from *London* came,
So full of Feare and Terrour is that name,
The Conſtable his charge will ſoone forſake,
And no man dares his *Mutinus* to make.
Thus Citizens, plagu'd for the Citie ſinnes,
Poore entertainment in the Country winnes.
Some feare the Citie, and flye thence amaine,
And thoſe are of the Countrey fear'd againe,
Who 'gainſt the barre their windowes & their doores,
More the they would 'gainſt *Turks*, or *Leues*, or *Moorees*,
I thinke if very *Spaniards* had come there,
Their welcome had beene better, and their cheare.
Whilſt Hay-cock lodging, with hard ſlender fare,
Welcome like dogs vnto a Church they are.
Feare makes them with the Anabaptiſts ioyne,
For if an Hoſteſſe doe receiue their coyne,
She in a diſh of water, or a paille,
Will new baptize it, leaſt it ſomething aile.
Thus many a Citizen well ſtor'd with Gold,
Is glad to lye vpon his mother *maide*,
His bed the map of his mortality,
His curtaines clouds, and Heau'n his Canopie.
The ruſſet Plow-ſwaine, and the Leathren Hinde,
Through feare is growne vnmannerly, yokinde.

And

The fearefull Sommer, or

*And in his house (to harbour) hee'll prefer
an Infidell before a Londoner:*

And thus much friendship *Londoners* did win,
The Deuill himselfe had better welcome bin:
Those that with trauell were tir'd, faint, and dry,
For want of drinke, might starue, and choke, and dye:
For why the hob-nail'd Boores, inhumane Blocks,
Vncharitable Hounds, hearts hard as Rocks,
Did suffer people in the fields to sinke,
Rather then glue, or sell a draught of drinke.

Milke-maides and Farmers wiues are growne so nice,
They thinke a Cittizen a Cockatrice,
And Country Dames, are wax'd so coy and briske,
They shun him as they'll shun a Basiliske,
For euery one the sight of him would flye,
All fearing he would kill them with his eye.

Al! wofull *London* I thy grieve bewaile,
And if my sighes and prayers may but preuaile;
I humbly beg of God that hee'le be pleas'd
In *Iesus Christ*, his wrath may be appeas'd,
With holding his dread Iudgement from aboue,
And once more, graspe thee in his armes of loue,
In mercy all our wickednes remit,

For who can giue thee thanks within the pit?
Strange was the change in lesse then 3. monthes space,
In ioy, in woe, in grace, and in disgrace;
A healthfull *April*, a diseased *June*,
And dangerous *Iuly*, brings all out of tune.
That Citie whose rare objects pleas'd the eyes
With much content and more varieties,
She that was late delightfull to the eares,
With melody Harmonious, like the *Spheres*.

She

Londons calamitie.

She that had all things that might please her taste
That was by *Skies*, or *Earth*, or *Seas* embrac'd,
All odours, and perfumes to please the *scent*,
And all she *felt* did giue her *touch* content,
Her *Cinque Port* *sences*, richly sed and cloyd
With blessings bountifull, which she enioy'd.
Now 3. monthes change hath fill'd it full with feare,
As if no Solace euer had beene there.
What doe the *Eyes* see there but grieued *fights*
Of sicke, oppressed, and distressed wights?
Houses shut vp, some dying, and some dead,
Some (all amazed,) flying, and some fled.
Streetes thioy man'd with wretches euery day,
Which haue no power to flee, or meanes to stay,
In some whole *Streete* (perhaps) a *Shop* or *twayne*
Stands open, for small takings, and lesse gaine,
And euery closed window, dore and stall,
Makes each day seeme a solemne Festiuall.
Dead Coarces carried, and recarried still,
Whilst fifty Corpes scarce one graue doth fill.
With *LORD HAVE MERCIE VPON VS*, on the dore,
Which (though the words be good) doth grieue men
And o're the dore-postes fix'd a *crosse* of red, (fore,
Betokening, that there *Death* some bloud hath shed.
Some with *Gods* *markes* or *Tokens* doe espie,
Those *Marks* or *Tokens*, shew them they must die:
Some with their Carbuncles, and sores new burst
with hope they haue escap'd the worst,
Thus passeth all the weeke, till *Thursdaves Bill*,
Shewes vs what thousands *Death* that weeke doth kill.
That fatall *Bill*, doth like a razor cut
The dead, the liuing in a maze doth put,

And

The fearefull Sommer, or

And he that hath a Christian heart : I know,
Is grieu'd, and wounded with the deadly blowe,
These are the objects of the Eye, now heare
And marke the mournfull musick of the Eare,
There doe the brazen Iron tongu'd loud bells
(Deaths clamorous musick) Ring continuall knells,
Some lofty in their noses, some sadly towling,
Whil ft fatall doggs, make a most dismall howling,
Some franctick rauing, some with anguish crying,
Some singing, praying, groaning, and some dying,
The healthfull grieuing, and the sickly groaning,
All in a mournfull diapason moaning.
Here, Parents for their Childrens losse Lament.
There, Childrens griefe for Parents life that's spent :
Husbands deplore their louing Waiues decease :
Wiues for their Husbands weepe remedlesse :
The Brother for his Brother, friend for friend,
Doe each for other mutuall sorrowes spend,
Here, Sister mournes for Sister, Kin for Kin,
As one griefe ends, another doth begin :
There one lies languishing, with slender fare,
Small comfort, lesse attendance, and least care,
With none but Death and heere to tugge together,
Vntill his corps and soule part each from either.
In one house one, or two, or three doth fall,
And in another Death sweeps sweepe-stake all,
Thus vniuersall sorrowfull complaining
Is all the musick now in London rainging,
Thus is her comfort sad Calamity,
And all her Melodie is Maladie.
These are the objects of the eyes and eares,
Most wofull sights, and sounds of griefes and feares.

one it was
June, Iuly,
August and
September.

The

Londons calamity.

The curious *tast* that whilome did delight
With cost and care to please the Appetite
What she was wont to hate, she doth adore,
And what's high priz'd, she held despis'd before.
The drugs, the drenches, and vntoothsome drinks,
Feare giues a sweetnes to all scuerall stinks,
And for supposed *Antidotes*, each Palate
Of most contagious weedes will make a Sallate,
And any of the simplest Mountebankes
May cheat them (as they will) of Coine and thanks,
With scraped powder of a shooing-horne,
Which they'le beleue is of an *Vnicorne*.

Angelicae, distastfull roote is gnaw'd,
And hearbe of *Grass* most Ruefully is chaw'd.
Garlick offendeth neither *tast*, nor *smell*,
Feare and opinion makes it relish well,
Whilst *Beazer* stone, and mighty *Alubridate*,
To all degrees are great in estimate,
And *Triacles* power is wonderously exprest,
And *Dragon Water* in most high request.
These 'gainst the *Plagne* are good preseruatiues,
But the best cordiall is t'amend our liues.
Sinne's the maine cause, and we must first begin
To cease our griefes, by ceasing of our sinne.
I doe beleue that *God* hath giuen in store
Good medicines to cure, or ease each sore,
But first remove the cause of the disease,
And then (no doubt but) the effect will cease.
Our sinne's the Cause, remove our sinnes from hence,
And *God* will soone remove the Pestilence.
Then euery medicine (to our consolation)
Shall haue his power, his force, his operation.

The fearefull Summer, or

And till that time, Experiments are not
But Paper walles against a Canon shot.
On many a poſt I ſee *Quacke ſaluers* Bills
Like *Fencers* Challenges, to ſhew their ſkills;
As if they were ſuch *Masters of defence*
That they dare combat with the *Peſtilence*;
Meete with the plague in any deadly fray;
And bragge to beare the victory away,
But if their patients patiently belecue them,
They'le cure the (without faile) of what they giue the;
What though ten thouſands by their drenches periſh
They made them purpoſely themſelues to cheriſh,
Their Art is a meete Artleſſe kind of lying
To picke their *lining* out of others *dying*.
This ſharpe iueſtue no way ſeemes to touch
The learn'd *Aſyrian*, whom I honour much,
The *Paraceliſians* and the *Galenniſts*,
The *Philosophicall* graue *Herbaliſts*,
Theſe I admire and reuerence, for in thoſe
God doth dame *Natures* ſecrets faſt incloſe,
Which they diſtribute, as occaſion ſerue
Health to reſerue, and health decai'd conſerue.
'Tis 'gainſt ſuch *Rat-catchers* I bend my pen
Which doe mechanically murder men,
Whoſe promiſes of cure, (like lying knaues)
Doth begger men or ſend them to their graues,
Now *London* for the ſence of feeling next,
Thou in thy feeling chiefly art perplext:
Thy heart feels ſorrowe, and thy body anguiſh
Thou in thy feeling feel'ſt thy force to languiſh,
Thou feel'ſt much woe, and much calamitie
And many millions feel thy miſery:

Thou

Londons calamity.

Thou feel'st the fearefull *Plague*, the *Flix* and *Fenex*
Which many a soule doth from the body seuer.
And I beseech *God* for our *Sauours* merit
To let thee feele, the *Comfort* of his *Spirit*.
Last for the solace of the *smell* or *scent*:
Some in contagious roomes are closely pent,
Whereas corrupted Aire they take, and giue
Till time ends, or lends liberty to liue.
One with a peece of tasseld well tarr'd *Rope*
Doth with that nose-gay keepe himselfe in hope;
Another doth a wispe of worrne-wood pull
And with great Iudgement crams his nostrils full;
A third takes off his socks from's sweating feete,
And makes them his perfume alongst the streete;
A fourth hath got a pownc'd *Pommander* box,
With woorme-wood iuice, or sweating of a *Fox*,
Rue steep'd in vineger, they hold it good
To cheere the senses, and preserue the blood.
Whilst *Billets* Bonfire like, and *faggots* dry
Are burnt it'h streetes, the Aire to purifie.
Thou great *Almightie*, giue them time and space,
And purifie them with thy heavenly *Grace*,
Make their repentance Incence, whose sweete saour
May mount vnto thy throne, and gaine thy fauour.
Thus euery sence, that should the heart delight,
Are ministers, and organs to affright,
The Citizens doe from the City runne,
The Countries seares, the Citizens doe shunne:
Both feare the *Plague*, but neither seares one iot
Their euill wayes which hath the plague begot,
This is the way this sicknes to preuent
Feare to offend, more then the punishment.

Smelling.

All

The fearefull Summer, or

All trades are dead, or almost out of breath
But such as liue by sicknesse or by death,
The Mercers, Grocers, Silk-men, Goldsmiths, Drapers,
Are out of Season, like noone burning Tapers,
All functions faile almost, through want of buyers
And every art and misterie turne *Dyers*,
The very *Water-men* giue ouer plying
Their rowing trade doth faile, they fall to *dying*.
Some men there are, that rise by others falls
Prophetick Augurists in vrinalls,
Those are right water-men, and rowe so well,
They either land their *fares* in Heau'n or *Hell*.
I neuer knewe them yet, to make a stay
And land at *Purgatory*, by the waye :
The Reason very plainly doth appeare
Their patients feeke their *Purgatory* here.
But this much (Reader) you must vnderstand
They commonly are paid before they land.
Next vnto him th' *Apothecarie* thrives
By Physicke bills, and his preseruatiues :
Worme-eaten *Sextons*, mighty gaines doe winne,
And nasty *Grave-makers*, great commings in.
And *Coffin-makers*, are well paid their rent :
For many a woefull wodden tenement.
For which the Trunke-makers in *Pauls Church-yard*,
A large Reuenuue this sad yeare haue shar'd
Their liuing Customers, for Trunkes were fled
They now made chests or Coffins for the dead.
The *Searchers* of each *corps* good gainers be,
The *Beaers* haue a profitable see,
And last, the *Dog-killers* great gaines abound
For Brayning brawling currs, and soisting hounds.

The

London's calamity

we are the *graine* trades, that doe get and saue
those grauity brings many to their *graine*.
Thus grieved *London*, fill'd with mones and grones
Is like a *Golgotha*, of dead mens bones:
The field where death his bloudy fray doth fight
And kild a thousand in a day and night.
Faire houses, that were late exceeding deare,
At fifty or an hundred pounds a yeare,
The Landlords are so pittifull of late
They'le let them, at a quarter of the rate.
So he that is a mightie moneyed man,
Let him but thither make what hast he can,
Let him disburse his gold and siluer heape
And purchase *London*'tis exceeding cheape.
But if he tarrie but one three months more,
I hope'twill be as deare as'twas before.
A Country cottage, that but lately went
At foure markes, or at three pounds yearly rent,
A Citizen, whose meere necessity
Doth force him now into the Country fly,
Is glad to hire two Chambers of a Carter
And pray and pay with thanks five pounds a quarter.
Then here's the alteration of this yeare
The Cities cheapes makes the Country deare.
Besides another mischiefe is, I see
A man dares not be sicke although he be:
Let him complaine but of the *stone* or *gout*
The plague hath strooke him, presently they doubt,
My selfe hath beene perplexed now and then
With the wind Collick, yeates about thrice ten,
Which in the Country I durst not repeat
Although my pangs, & gripes, and paines were great.

The fearefull Sommer, or

For to be sicke of any kinde of griefe
Would make a man worse welcome then a thiefe,
To be drunke sicke, which er't did credit winne,
Was fear'd infectious, and held worse then sinne.
This made me, and a many more beside,
Their griefes to smother, and their paines to hide,
To tell a merry tale with Village glad,
When as the Collick almost made me mad.
Thus meere dissembling, many practis'd then,
And mid't of paine, seem'd pleasant amongst men,
For why, the smallest sight or grone, or shreike
Would make a man his meat and lodging seeke.
This was the wretched *Londoners* hard case
Most hardly welcome into any place,
Whil't Country people, where so'ere they went
Would stop their Noses to avoid their sent,
When as the case did oft most plaine appeare
Twas onely they themselves that stunke with feare.
Nature was dead (or from the Country runne)
A *Father* durst not entertaine his *Sonne*,
The *Mother* sees her *Daughter*, and doth feare her,
Com' hands her, on her blessing, not come neere her.
Affinity, nor any kinde of Kinne,
Or ancient friendship could true welcome winne,
The Children scarcely would their Parents know
Or (did if they did) but slender duty shew:
Thus *feare* made *nature* most vnnaturall,
Duty vndutifull, or very small,
No friendship, or else cold and miserable,
And generally all vncharitable.
Nor *London* Letters little better sped
They would not be receiued (much lesse be read)

Londons calamity.

But cast into the fire and burnt with speed
As if they had bin *Heretics* indeed.
And late I saw, ypon a Saboath day
Some Citizens at Church, prepar'd to pray:
But (as they had bin excommunicate)
The good Churchwardens thrust them out the gate.
Another Country vertue I'll repeat
The peoples charitie was growne so great
That whalbeuer *Londoner* did dye,
In Church or Church-yard should not buried lye,
Thus were they scorn'd, despised, banished,
Excluded from the Church, alivie, and dead,
Alivie, their bodies could no harbour have,
And dead, not be allow'd a Christian Grave:
Thus was the Countreyes kindnesse cold, and small,
No house, no Church, no Christian buriall.
Oh thou that on the winged windes dost sit
And see'st our misery, remedy is,
Although we haue deserv'd thy vengeance bad
Yet in thy fury (Lord) consume us not.
But in thy mercies sheath thy slaying sword
Deliver us, according to thy word,
Put up thy Quiver, stay thy angry rod,
That all the world may know thou art our God,
Oh open wide the gate of thy compassion
Assure our soules that thou art our Salvation.
Then all our thoughts, & words, and works, we'll frame
To magnifie thy great and glorious name.
The wayes of God are intricate, no doubt
Unsearchable, and passe mans finding out.
He at his pleasure worketh wonderous things
And in his hand doth hold the hearts of Kings.

The fearefull Sommer; or

And for the love, which to our King he beares,
By sickenes he our sinfull Country cleares,
That he may be a patron, and a guide
Vnto a people purg'd and purifi'd.
This by a president is manifest
When famous late *Elizabeth* deceast,
Before our gracious *James* put on the Crowne
Gods hand did cut superfluous branches downe.
Not that they then that were of life bereft
Were greater sinners then the number left,
But that the *Plague* should then the King dome cleare
The good to comfort, and the bad to feare.
That as a good King, God did vs assure,
So he should haue a Nation purg'd and pure.
And his *Elizabeth* when she went hence
Was wayted on, as did beleeue a Prince:
Of all degrees to tend her Maieftie
Nere forty thousand in that yeare did dye,
That as she was belon'd of high and lowe:
So at her Death; their deaths their louers did showe,
Whereby the world might note *Elizabeth*,
Was louingly attended after death.
So mighty *James* (the worlds admired mirror)
True faith a defending friend, sterne foe to Errour,
When he Great Britains glorious Crowne did leaue
A Crowne of endless glory to receaue,
Then presently in lesse then eight months space
Full eighty thousand follow him a pace.
And now that Royall *James* intomb'd lyes
And that our gracious *Charles* his roome supplies,
As Heau'd did for his Father formerly:
A sinfull Nation cleanse and purifie.

to God, for all these things to passe both things
And onnes the *whistle* for so good a King, but *will* be
Vpon whose Throne may peace and plenty *will* be
And he and his Eternally be blest.

NOW for a conclusion in Prose, I must have due
touch more at the incharitablenesse and ingratitude
of those beastly, barbarous, Cruell Country *Cannibals*,
whom neither the entreatie of the healthy, nor misery of
the sicke could moue to any sparke of humanity or
Christian compassion; their ingratitude being such, that
although the City of *London*, hath continually extend
ed her bounty towards the Countries generall and per
ticular necessities: For repairing their Churches, Brides
ges and high-ways, for their wracke by sea, for their
losses by fire, for their inundations by water, for ma
ny Free-scholes, Alms-houses, & other workes of piety
and charity, most la, gely and abundantly expressed,
and most apparantly knowne unto them, yet notwith
standing all these and much more then I can recollect
these Grunting *Girgusites*, these Hog-rubbing *Gadai
rons*, suffers the dil, & their sonnes and daughters of this
famous fostering City to languish, pine, starue and
dye in their streetes, fields, ditches and high-ways
giuing or allowing them no reliefe whilst they liued,
or burials being dead whose liues in (many places)
might haue bene saved with the harbours and en
tertainment which the cruell *Naballs* did afford their
Guine.

They haue their excuses, and lay the fault of their
hard-heartednesse vpon the stricte command from
the Iustices and Maiestie: alas, a flatter is quickly
found

The fearefull Sommer, or

found to beate a dogge: for let it be graunted that the Iustices and men of Authoritie did command and counsell them to be wary and careful, yet I am sure that neither God or any Christian or good Miesistrate did euer command or exhort them to be cruell, vnmercifull vnthankfull, barbarous, inhumane, or vncharitable: for if there were or are any, either Iustice or other of that hellish and hoggish disposition, let him or them expect to howle with *Diuus*, for being so vncompassionate.

What haue you beene but murderers of your Christian brethren and sisters, for the rule of charity, saith? that whosoener he or they be, that may releue or helpe the necessities of others, and doth Reiect or neglect it, by which meanes those that are in want doe perish, that they are murderers; and as many of our Countrey Innes and Ale-houses haue vnchang'd their signes because they will giue no harbour (vpon any condition) to neither whole or sicke, so without Repentance and Gods great mercy, some of them must expect to hang in hell for their inhospitable want of pitye.

What madnesse did possesse you? did you thinke that none but Citizens were marked for death, that onely a blacke or ciuill suit of apparell, with a Russe band was onely the Plagues liuery? No, you shall find it other wayes: for a Russet Coat or a sheepskin couer, is no Armour of prooffe against Gods Arrowes; though you shut vp and Barricado your dores and windows, as hard as your hearts and heads were Ramd against your distressed brethren, yet death will finde you, and leaue you to iudgement.

The Booke of God doth yeld vs many presidents
and

and examples, that wee are to be carefull to preserue life: it is madness to stand wilfully vnder a falling house, or to sleepe whilst the water ouer-flowes vs, to runne desperately into the fire: or not to auoid a shot, or a stroake of a sword: It is lawfull to auoid famine, to shunne the Leaper, the great or small Pox, and many other diseases: for if Physicke be good to restore health, it is wisdom to preserue health to prevent Physicke. The skilfull Mariner in a dangerous storme or tempest, will make the best haste hee can into a safe haven or a good harbour. I am commanded to loue my neighbour, and to be carefull to helpe him in the preservation of his life, and therefore I must be respectfull of mine owne.

Our Sauour *Christ* (although he was God omnipotent) whose becke, or the least of his commaunders could haue consumed *Herod* and crushed him and his Tyranny to nothing, yet did hee please not to vse the power and strength of his Godhead, but (for our instruction and example) shewing the weaknesse and imbecility of his humanity, he fled from *Herod* into *Egypt*.

By this which hath beene written, it is apparent that it is lawfull for any man to absent himselfe (if his calling will permit the same) from manifest and approaching daunger of his life: *Beasts*, *Fowles* and *Fishes* will shun their destruction, *Wormes* and contemptible vermine (as *lice* and *fleas*) will crawl creep and skip to saue themselves from death, therefore man that hath being, Life, Sense, Reason, and Hope of immortalitye, may lawfully seeke his owne preservation. But if there be any that haue out of a slavish or vnchristian-like feare, fled or runne-away from this famous City in this lamentable visitation; I meane such as left neither prayer

The fearful Summer, or

of purle to relect those that vnderwent the grievous
burthens of sicknesse and calamity; such as trusted
more in the Country ayde, then in heavenly prou-
dence, such as imagined that their safety was by their
owne care and industry, not remembering that their
sins and transgressions haue helped to pull downe
Gods wrath vpon their afflicted Brethren and Sisters;
I say, if any such there bee, that attribute their preser-
uation to their owne discreet carriage, giuing the praise
to the meanes, not much minding the All-sufficient
cause and giuer of the meanes. If any such haue fallen
into the vncourteous pawes of the sordid Rusticks, or
Clownish Coridons, let them know that Gods blessings
are worth thanks, and that they were iustly plagued
for their vnthankfulnesse.

And as some haue beene too swift and fearefull in
flying, so many haue beene too slow and aduocaturous
in staying, depending too much vpon a common and
desperate opinion, that their times are fixed, that their
dayes are numbered, and that their liues are limited;
so that till God hath appointed they shall not dye, and
that it lies not in them, or any power of man to leng-
then life. All these Assertions are true, and I must needs
grant vnto them. But for as much as God is the Land-
Lord of life, and puts it (as his Tenants) in our earthly
fraile Tenements; although the Land-Lord knowe
when the Tenant shall depart, yet we are ignorant, and
know neither when, where, nor how, therefore although
there be no flying from death when God hath appoint-
ed it, so we, not knowing the time when we shall dye,
must seeke to preserve life by shunning perils and dan-
gers of death: let vs make much of life while we haue
it, for we doe not know how long wee shall keepe it.

Londons calamitie.

and let vs haue a care to liue well, and then, I am sure, we are out of feare to dye ill.

Being it is both naturall, lawfull and comendable, to auoid all these dangers aforesaid, I hold it as much reason to shunne the place or person infected with the Plague or Pestilence. But here may arise an objection, for Master *Mulligrub*, *Missis Pump*, *Goodman Beetle* the Constable, *Gaffer Logg* the Hedgborough, and *Black* the Pythingman will say, That they did but seeke their owne safeties and preseruations in not entertayning the Londoners, for they were ignorant, and did not know who were in health or cleare, and who were infectious; in which regard, they thought it the surest course to relieue or harbour none at all: this is partly answered before, for no man doth or can taxe them for being wary and caretull, but for their vncharitablenesse, and vnchristianlike dealing, both to the quicke and dead; for the Towne of *Henden* in *Middlesex*, tenth miles from *London*, was a good Country President, if the rest had had the grace to haue followed it: for they relieued the sicke, they buried the dead in Christian buriall, and they (being but a small Village) did charitably collect eight pounds, at the least, which they lent to relieue the poore of *Saint Andrews*, in *Holborne*, besides they allowed good weekly wages to two men to attend and bury such as dyed; although they are no *Pharisees*, to proclaime their owne charity, yet I could not ouerslip their deserved commendations. In many other places there hath been much goodnesse and Christian loue exprest, for the which (no doubt) but there is more then an earthly reward in store: For I taxe not all Townes and Villages, though I thinke most of them doe harbour some

The fearefull Sommer, or

In the shapes of men, with the mindes of Monsters,

A man sicke of an Ague, lying on the ground at *Maydenhead*, in *Berkeshire*, with his Fit violently on him, had stones cast at him by two men of the Towne (whom I could name) and when they could not cause him to rise, one of them tooke a Hitcher, or long Boat-hooke, and hitch'd in the sicke mans Breeches, drawing him backward, with his face groueling on the ground, dragging him so vnder the Bridge in a dry place, where he lay till his Fit was gone, and hauing lost a new Hat, went his way.

One was cast dead into *Thames*, at *Stanes*, and drawne with a Boat and a Rope downe some part of the River, and then dragged to shore and enditched.

One at *Richmond* was drawne naked in the night by his owne Wife and Boy, and cast into the *Thames*, where the next day the Corps was found.

One at *Stanes* carried his dead Wife on his backe in a Coffin, and was saide to be Bearer, Priest, Clarke Sexton, and Graue-maker himselfe: these and many more I could speake vpon knowledge, and should I write all that I am truly informed of, my Booke would out swell the limits of a Pamphlet; let it suffice that God hath not forgotten to be gracious and mercifull; our sicknesse he hath turned to health, our mourning into ioy, and our desolations into full and wholesome habitations: and though the Country in many places doth beginne to share in this Contagion, let them not doubt, but they shall finde the City more charitable and hospitable then they deserue or can expect. And so God in mercy turne his fierce wrath both from them and vs.

Thou

Against Swearing.

THou that these lines dost either heare or read,
Consider with thy selfe, and take good heed,
Reade them, and let them neuer be forgot,
They doe concerne thy soule, then sleight them not.
The ^a *Fiends of Hell beleue there is a God,*
And feare and tremble at his angry Rod:
They doe confesse his glorious Excellence,
And his Almighty powers Omnipotence.
But Man his choicest and his chiefest Creature,
Is so rebellious against God and Nature, (swear,
That hee 'gainst Heau'n dare both blaspheme and
And (worse then Fiends) they not beleue or feare:
So that the Earth doth breed, seed, and retaine
Worse *Mousters* then there doth in Hell remaine.
If men beleu'd the Word that God hath spoke,
They would beleue that Word should nere be broke.
In His enacted Law ^b is one Decree,
That all who take his Name in vaine, shall be
Accounted guilty, and his fearefull wrath
Will hold them worthy of eternall death.
Againe 'tis said, Let the ^c *Blasphemer dye,*
Let him be stoned for his *Blasphemy*:
And euill tongues, who dare to curse aduenter,
Shall into Heauens ^d blessednesse not enter.
And Christ (when on the Earth he liued here)
Forbade vs that as ^e *all we should not sweare,*
And in th'eleuenth of *Deuteronomy* againe,
We are commanded not to sweare in vaine.

The ^f *Heathen* to blaspheme their gods abhor'd,
Yet Christians wilfully blaspheme the Lord.

Who

Against Swearing.

Who euer to reuile the Gods were knowne,
 In *Rome*, were from the *Rock Tarpeius* throwne.
 Th' *Egyptians* Law was, he should lose his head,
 'Mongst *Scythians*, life and goods were forfeited.
 These grieuous punishments did *Pagans* vie
 Against all them that did their Gods abuse.
 King *Donald's* Law in *Scotland's* not forgot,
 Who burnt them through the lips with irons hot.
 And when King *Edmund* here had Regall State,
 All Swearers he did excommunicate.
 And *Philip* King of *France* (a Prince renown'd)
 Ordain'd that all Blasphemers should be drown'd.
 The Emperour *Maximilian* did decree,
 That all vaine Swearers should be headed be.
 The Earle of *Flanders*, *Philip*, did ordaine,
 Their losse of life and goods that swore in vaine.
 Saint *Lewis*, the King of *France* enacted there,
 That for the first time any one did swear,
 Into Imprisonment one month was cast,
 And stand within the Pillory at last.
 But if the second time againe they swore,
 One with an iron hot their tongues did bore.
 And who the third time in the fault did slip,
 Were likewise boared through the under lip.
 For the fourth time most grieuous paines belong,
 He caus'd to be cut off their lips and tongues.
 Henry the first of *England*, that good King,
 His Court to such conformity did bring,
 That euery Duke should forty shillings pay,
 For euery Oath he swore, without delay.
 Each Baron twenty, Knights or Squires offenced
 Paid tenne: and euery common twenty pence.

Against Swearing.

The Boyes and Pages all were whipt most fine,
That durst abuse the Maiestie *diuine*.

Thus Pagan Princes with sharp lawes withstood
Profaning of their Gods, of stone, or wood,
And Christian Kings and Rulers formerly,
Haue most severely punished blasphemy.

And shall a Heathen, or an Infidell,
That knowes no ioyes of Heauen, or paines of Hell,
More reuerence to his deuillish Idols shew,
Then we doe to the true *God*, whom we know?

If we remembred well but what we were,
And what we are, we would not dare to sweare.

Poore trunks of earth fill'd with vncertaine breath,
By nature heires to euerlasting death:

Most miserable wretches, most ingrate
'Gainst *God*, that did elect vs, and create.

Redeem'd, conseru'd, preferu'd, and sanctifi'd,
And giues vs hope we shall be glorifi'd.

H'hath giuen vs being, life, sense, reason, wit,
Wealth, and all things his Providence thinkes fit:

And for requitall, we (quite void of grace)
Curse, sweare, and doe blaspheme him to his face.

Oh the supernall patience of our *God*,

That beares with Man (a sin pollured clod)

When halfe such treasons 'gainst an earthly King

Would many a Traytor to confusion bring!

Suppose a man should take a *Whelp* and breed him,

And stroke him, and make much of him, and feed him,

How will that *curse* *lose* him beyond all other?

Neuer forsaking him to serue another,

But if he should most disobediently,

Into his Masters face or throat to fly,

Sure

Against Swearing.

Sure every man that liues vpon the ground
 Would say a hanging's fit for such a hound,
 And worser then so many dogges are they,
 That 'gainst their God with oathes doe barke and bray:
 And if repentance doe not mercy win,
 They'll hang in *Hell* like Hell-hounds for that sin,
 Of all black crimes from *Belzebubs* damn'd treasure,
 This swearing sin no profit yeelds, or pleasure:
 Nor gaines the swearer here but earthis vexation,
 With charge of his saluation for damnation:
 It is a sinne that yeelds ys no excuse
 (For what excuse can be for Gods abuse?)
 And though our other faults by death doe end,
 Yet *Blasphemy* doth after death extend,
 For to the damn'd in *Hell* this curse is giuen,
 They for *their paines blasphemy'd the God of Heauen.*
 Examples on the earth haue many beene,
 As late in sunder places hath bin seene.
 At *Mantua* two braue *Refrans* in their game,
 Swore and blasphem'd our blessed Sauiours name,
 Where Gods iust iudgement (full of feare and dread)
 Caus'd both their eyes to drop from out their head.
 In *Rome*, a child but fife yeares old that swore,
 Was snatcht vvp by the *Devill*, and seene no more.
 And at *Ragouze*, a Mariner did sweare
 As if he would Gods name in sunder teare;
 When falling ouer-board, was drown'd and toft,
 And nothing but his tongue was onely lost.
 Remember this you sinfull somes of men,
 Think how that Christ redeem'd you from *Hells* den:
 His mercy he hath giu'n in magnitude,
 Requite him not with vile ingratitude.

He

6 *Against Swearing.*

He made the Eare and Eye, and heares and sees
 The swearers execrable oathes and lyes.
 The Godhead of the *Father* they contemne:
 Against the *Sonnes* Redemption they blaspheme:
 The *Holy Spirit* grievously they grieve,
 And headlong into Hell themselves they drive,
 It is in vaine for mortall men to thinke,
 Gods Justice is a sleepe, although it winke:
 Or that his arme is shortned in these times,
 That he cannot reach home to punish crimes,
 Oh thinke not so, 'tis but the Devils illusion,
 To draw vs desperately to our confusion.
 Some say that 'tis their anger makes them *swear*
 And are *oathes* out before they are aware,
 But being crost with losses & perplex'd
 They thinke no harme, but *swear* as being vex'd:
 And some there are that *swear* for complement,
 Make *oathes* their grace, and speeches ornament,
 Their sweet Rhetoricall fine eloquence,
 Their reputations onely excellence.
 Their valour, whom the *Devill* doth inflame
 To abuse their Makers and Redeemers Name.
 Thinke but on this you that doe God forget,
 Your poore excuses cannot pay this debt:
 Remember that our sinfull soules did cost,
 A price too great, to be by *swearing* lost
 And blessed was our last good Parliament,
 Who made an act for swearers punishment,
 And blest shall be each Magistrates good name,
 That carefully doe execute the same.
 Those that are zealous for Gods glory heere,
 No doubt) in Heauen shall haue true glory there,

Which

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Which thus we may hear, having finished the
Of that rules and maxims for men to live by
In Earth and Land of Lovers, and King of Kings,
Before whose Throne blest Angels and Archangels,
All power, praise, glory, dominion, and majesty,
Ascribed both to Father and Son, and Holy Ghost,

FINIS

By Gods Grace I doe purpose
to set forth a small Treatise a-
gainst the two horrible crimes of
Cursing and Swearing, wherein
I purpose to put more Gall in my
Tobacco, and expelle more Spitt in
my Urine.

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Which that we may haue, I am sure that
 Of Him that rules and regnes for euer in
 The Exchequer of Lords, and King of Kings,
 Before whom I beare blest Names and Angels sing,
 All power, praise, glory, mainly thanksgiving,
 Ascribed be to him that's ever true,
 And crowned himselfe. One Gentleman at Hildes in Saxony,
 His heart and his bowels burn out. One Widow for her
 selfe and her child out of her window in London and burnt her necke.
 One Gentleman his selfe is burnt for five pounds of silver for God.
 One Gentleman his selfe, which was a very good man.
 One Gentleman his selfe, which was a very good man.

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By Gods Grace I doe purpose
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